

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Immaculate Conception"

[Famke Janssen:]

Flesh is a trap. That's what he used to say
Flesh is a trap. And magic sets us free

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]

The War of Gods and Men
I condemn them who believe
In ancient fallacies and the heresy of thieves
Burn the unholy in your filthy religion
Paganism and the prism of three-dimensional prison
I walk through the liquid of the Seven Rivers
And deliver rhyme schemes that cut like verbal scissors
Or arrows
The sacred science of the pharaohs
Millennium prophesies of tarots
Murdered cattle, discovered near the crop circles of the land
While we fight wars for political whores like Mary Magdalan
The Hologram plans his incision
Apparition of Tibetan black magicians
My compositions will turn men into slaves
Holographic aspects of particles and waves
Propel the spacecraft in the Pleiades
Dwell in the abyssal plains like the Horse of Hades
The Wheel of Infinity, the Chamber of the Trinity
Levitators of the fifth level magician of divinity
Like a pentadrone, I sent your dome into the forest
Of Iblis
Like the wilderness of Tan
The Verbal Hologram! The Verbal Hologram!

[Pharoahe Monch:]

My perception of poetical injection is ejaculation
The Immaculate Conception
My perception of poetical injection is ejaculation
The Immaculate Conception
My perception of poetical injection is ejaculation
The Immaculate Conception
My perception of poetical injection is ejaculation
The Immaculate Conception

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]

The decaton, the higher arc modron
Encompass my soul in a beam like proton
I am Voltron With helmeted head and lotus flower
Incantations, wind walking teleportations
I dwell in a body that can't be slain
The verbal flame, he atomic spark of pain
So I drain, the energy from your Chakra system
Watch me glisten like the sun
The Chosen One, The cyborg relation
My shit is crazy like Free Masons
Meeting camp crystal lake with Jason
Complex wind, City of screaming metal in the Vatican
I shatter him who walks on the plains of Hell

To sacrifice El, Young El, Young El
A dark fall for all who battle the mystic meditation
Face decapitation and material contamination
By the spiritual deviation
Translation of ancient civilization
Nonaton, overseer of law and order
The verbal slaughter, Hologram walks on water
Immune to illusion and scientific blows
Armed with black magic, spears, and crossbows
Feeble attempts to apprehend the Hologram
Overstand, I kill man like Wodan
So no man step into the darkness of the set
Study with Chinese masters like Jesus in Tibet
Staff of Moses, urn of ashes
Morphing my soul into solids, liquids, and gases

[Pharoahe Monch:]

My perception of poetical injection is ejaculation
The Immaculate Conception
My perception of poetical injection is ejaculation
The Immaculate Conception
My perception of poetical injection is ejaculation
The Immaculate Conception
My perception of poetical injection is ejaculation
The Immaculate Conception